



SUMMER.

2
S U M M E R.

A

P O E M.

By JAMES THOMSON.

The FOURTH EDITION, with ADDITIONS.



L O N D O N:

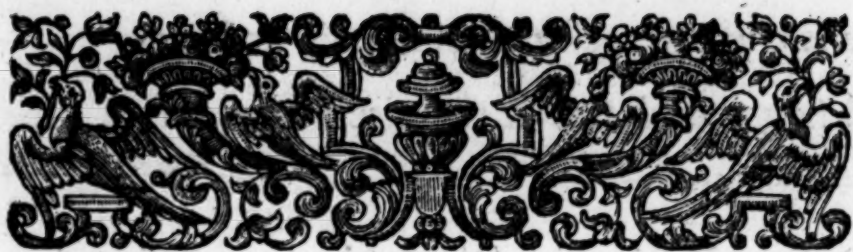
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The ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the SEASONS. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. Morning. A view of the sun rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Rural prospects. Summer insects describ'd. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and berds. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT-BRITAIN. A digression on foreign summers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over; a serene afternoon. Bathing. Sun-set. Evening. The whole concluding with the praise of Philosophy.





S U M M E R.


 FROM yonder fields of æther fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun! illustrious *Summer* comes
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's
[depth.
 He comes, attended by the sultry *Hours*,
 And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10

And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream that by the roots of oak
 Rows o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling *year*.

Come, *Inspiration*! from thy hermit feat 15
 By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious muse, and raptur'd eye
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an extasy of soul. 20

And thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tendernefs of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chafiz'd; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For *Britain's* glory, Liberty, and Man;
 O *Dodington*! attend my rural song,

S U M M E R.

5

Stoop to my theme, in spirit every line, 30
And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

With what a perfect world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft has swept the busy race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Unresting, changless, matchless, in their course ;
To night and day, with the delightful round
Of *Seasons*, faithful ; not excentric once : 40
So pois'd, and perfect is the vast machine.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;
And soon, observant of approaching day, 45
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews !
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow ;

And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With tardy step, 50
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the eye, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk the smoaking currents shine; 55
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpes aukward; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy; 60
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

Falsly luxurious, will not man awake,
 And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,

To meditation due, and sacred song.
And is there ought in sleep can charm the wise? 70
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75
Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse,
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildy-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80
Rejoycing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim
Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best! 90
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, red Sun,
 In whose wide circle worlds of radiance lie,
 Exhaustless Brightness, may I sing of thee ! 95

Who would the blessings, first and last, recount,
 That in a full effusion from thee flow,
 As soon might number, at the height of noon,
 The rays that radiate from thy cloudless sphere,
 A universal glory darting round. 100

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
 Of flow-pac'd *Saturn* to the scarce-seen disk
 Of *Mercury*, lost in excessive blaze. 105

In-

Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose vital and effectual glance,
 They wou'd be brute, uncomfortable mass,
 And not as now the green abodes of life !
 How many forms of being wait on thee !
 Inhaling gladness ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, to that day-living race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

110

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons* ! from whose rich-stain'd rays, 115
 Reflected various, various colours rise :
 The freshening mantle of the youthful year ;
 The wild embroidery of the watry vale ;
 With all that cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

The branching grove thy lusty product stands, 120
 Diffus'd, and deep ; to quench the summer noon,
 And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,
 When on his russet fields you look direct.

Fruit

Fruit is thy bounty too, with Juice replete,
Acid, or mild ; and from thy ray receives 125
A flavour, pleasing to the taste of man.
By thee concocted blushes ; and, by thee
Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap
Of *Industry* the mellow plenty falls.

Extensive harvests wave at thy command ; 130
And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,
Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy power ; whose every blast,
O'ercaft with tempest, or severely sharp
With breathing frost, is eloquent of thee, 135
And makes us languish for thy vernal gleams.
Shot to the bowels of the teeming earth,
The ripening ore confesses all thy power.
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence waving War
Flames on the day ; hence busy Commerce binds 140
The round of nations in a golden chain ;
And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines
With glittering silver, and refulgent gold. Th'

Th' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone; 145
Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the bosoms of the fair.

At thee the ruby lights his deepening glow,
A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view. 150
From thee the saphire, solid æther, takes
His hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring, 155
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues, 160
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brisker measures, the relucant stream
 Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 165
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 170
 Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,
 A glance extensive as the day. But these,
 And all the much transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source, 175
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
 Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken; 180
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd,

Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel, 185
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Poet! silent in thy praise ;
 Thy matchless works in each exalted line,
 And all the full harmonic universe, 190
 Would vocal, or expressive, thee attest,
 The cause, the glory, and the end of all !

To me be nature's volume wide display'd ;
 And to peruse the broad illumin'd page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence, 195
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I muse, or with the rising day
 On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Fierce-flaming up the heavens, the piercing sun 200
 Melts into limpid air the high-rai'd clouds,
 And morning mists, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till all unveil'd
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 205

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
 Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
 And tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
 By sharp degrees, his burning influence reigns
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. 210

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before th' unbating beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
 But one, the follower of the sun, they say, 215
 Sad when he sets shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Weeping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home,

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 220
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
(That the calm village, in their verdant arms, 225
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 230
The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, lies,
Outstretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They bootless snap. Nor shall the muse disdain 235
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

Wak'd

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young 240
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,
 Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey, 245
 Black, azure, brown; more than th' assisted eye
 Of poring virtuoso can discern.
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the springing Trout,
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade
 Delight to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb; but careful still
 To shun the mazes of the founding bee,
 As o'er the blooms he sweeps. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight; 260

Sip

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling stream
Are pierc'd to death ; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves 265
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around. 270
Within an inch the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs, 275
Strides backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extream distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

Echoes the living surface of the ground ;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum, 280
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Let no presuming impious railer tax 285
 Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise ; of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind ? 290
 Thus on the concave of a sounding dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
 Wanders a critic fly ; his feeble ray
 Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold
 He dares dislike the structure of the whole. 295
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,

As

As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 300
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From *infinite Perfection* to the brink
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyfs!
 Recoiling giddy thought: or with sharp glance,
 Such as remotely-wasting spirits use, 305
 Beheld the glories of the little world?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that *Power*,
 Whole wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun. 310

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering kingdoms sport; with tempest-wing,
 Till *Winter* sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass 315
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! In soft-circling robes,
 Which the hard hand of *Industry* has wrought,

The human insects glow ; by *Hunger* fed,
 And chear'd by toiling *Thirst*, they rowl about 320
 From toy to trifle, vanity to vice ;
 Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 325
 Healthful, and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing funs, the blooming maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands 330
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the tawny Harvest to the sun, 335
 That casts refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

Rises

Rises the russet hay-cock thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 340
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
 Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye 345
 Can pierce, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 Down to the dusty earth the sight, o'erpower'd,
 Stoops for relief; but thence ascending streams,
 And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart 350
 Are the refreshless fields; their arid hue
 Adds a new fever to the sickening soul:
 And o'er their slippery surface wary treads
 The foot of thirsty pilgrim, often dipt
 In a cross rill, presenting to his wish 355
 A living draught: he feels before he drinks!
 Echo no more returns the fandy sound
 Of sharpening scythe; the mower, sinking, heaps

O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard 360
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The desert reddens ; and the stubborn rock,
 Split to the center, sweats at every pore.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl 365
 Into the shelter of the crackling grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so hard ! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds, 370
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Who can endure ! the too resplendent scene
 Already darkens on the dizzy sight, 375
 And double objects dance ; unreal sounds
 Sing deep around ; a weight of sultry dew
 Hangs deathful on the limbs ; shiver the nerves ;

The

The supple sinews sink ; and on the heart,
Misgiving, horror lays his heavy hand. 380

Thrice happy he ! that on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams, 385
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And all his passions aptly harmoniz'd, 390
Amid a jarring world, with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul, 395
As to the hunted hart the falling spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.

Cold thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye, 400
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift thro' every lighten'd limb.

All in th' adjoining brook, that shrills along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, . 405
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose ;
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand 410
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail, 415
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd ;
 Here

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
And there his sceptre-crook, and watchful dog. 420

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry hornets fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ; 426
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse provok'd,
While his big sinews, full of spirits, swell, 430
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence ; and o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steady eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength ! 435
Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth; 440
 That, high embowering in the middle air,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful, silent gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these 445
 The scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic felt, and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On heavenly errands bent: to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice; 450
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd soul,
 For future tryals fated to prepare;
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs 455
 Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;

And

And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform. 460

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestick on. Arous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, and severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
Those accents murmur'd in th' abstracted ear, 466
Pronounce distinct. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred man, thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the same *Parent-Power* our beings drew,
" The same our *Lord*, and laws, and great pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 471
" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, e'er we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear us not ; but with responsive song, 475
" Oft in these dim recesses, undisturb'd
" By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
" Of nature sing with us, and nature's *God*.
" And

" And frequent at the middle waste of night,
 " Or all day long, in deserts still, are heard, 480
 " Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-sky,
 " Around, or underneath, aerial sounds,
 " Sent from angelic harps, and voices join'd.
 " A happiness bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear 485
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

Thus up the Mount, in visionary muse,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sun
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking ^{[back,}
 I stand aghast, and view the broken scene. 491

Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood
 Rolls fair and placid ; till collected all,
 In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground, 494
 Th' impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep,
 Thunders and shakes th' astonish'd country round.
 Now a blue watry sheet ; anon dispers'd,

A hoary mist ; then gather'd in again,
 A darted stream afloat the hollow rock,
 This way, and that tormented ; dashing thick, 500
 From steep to steep, with wild, inflected course,
 And restless roaring to the humble vale.

With the rough prospect tir'd, I turn my gaze,
 Where, in long vista, the soft-murmuring main
 Darts a green lustre, trembling thro' the trees; 505
 Or to yon silver-streaming threads of light,
 A showery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.
 Invited from the rock, to whose dark cliff
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 511
 Gains on the sun ; while all the feathery race,
 Smote with afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain. 515
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,

Short

Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile, 520
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 Ail in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There on that rock by *Nature's* chissel carv'd 525
 An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted sweet
 Of honey-suckle loads his little thigh.

And what a various prospect lies around ! 530
 Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And towns betwixt, and gilded streams ; till all
 The stretching landskip into smoak decays.

Happy *Britannia* ! where the Queen of arts,
 Inspiring vigour, *Liberty* abroad 535

Walks

Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is the soil, and merciful the skies;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float 540
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat, numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows flame, and rise unquell'd,
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 545
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And *Property* assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unweari'd, in his certain toil.

Full are thy cities with the Sons of art;
And trade, and joy, in every busy street, 550
Mingling are heard: even *Drudgery* himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

With

With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 555
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd, 560
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,
 Or in the list'd plain, or wintry seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning high ; 565
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd ;
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of such as under grim oppression groan. 570

Thy sons of glory many ! thine a *More*,
 As *Cato* firm, as *Aristides* just,
 Like rigid *Cincinnatus* nobly poor,

A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a *Walsingham* is thine ; 575
A *Drake*, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high ; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the *maiden* reign ?
In *Raleigh* mark their every glory mix'd, 580
Raleigh, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. 585
Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 590
A *Hambden* thine, of unsubmitting soul ;
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone ; and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of *Freedom* fierce.

Nor can the muse the gallant *Sidney* pass, 595
 The plume of war! with every lawrel crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 Nor him of later name, firm to the cause
 Of *Liberty*, her rough determin'd friend,
 'The *British Brutus* ; whose united blood 600
 With *Russel*, thine, thou patriot wife, and calm,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown
 In *Sages* too, far as the sacred light 605
 Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.
 Thine is a *Bacon* form'd of happy mold,
 When *Nature* smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,
Plato, the *Stagyrite*, and *Tully* join'd. 610
 The generous * *Ashley* thine, the friend of man ;
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind, 615

* *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

And with the *moral Beauty* charm the heart.
 What need I name thy *Boyle*, whose pious search
 Still fought the great *Creator* in his works,
 By sure experience led ? And why thy *Locke*,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?
 Let comprehensive *Newton* speak thy fame, 620
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,
 Is not wild *Shakespear* nature's boast, and thine ?
 And every greatly amiable muse
 Of elder ages in thy *Milton* met ?
 His was the treasure of two thousand years, 625
 Seldom indulg'd to man ; a god-like mind,
 Unlimited, and various, as his *Theme* ;
 Astonishing as *Chaos* ; as the bloom
 Of blowing *Eden* fair ; soft as the talk 629
 Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* sublime.

May my song soften as, thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,

Shap'd by the hand of *Harmony*; the cheek, 635
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet, 640
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye. 645

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm; 650
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls, Send

Send forth the saving *Virtues* round the land, 655
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*, 661
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untry'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake : 665
 While, in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide survey,
 And ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some brave design. 670

Thus far transported by my country's love,
 Nobly digressive from my theme, I've aim'd
 To sing her praises in ambitious verse ;
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,

The various summer-horrors, which infest 675
Kingdoms that scorch below severer suns:

Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day
Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Wan jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge, 680
Their hasty spirit prompts. Ill-fated race!
Altho' the treasures of the sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines;
Whence, over sands of gold, the *Niger* rolls
His amber wave; while on his balmy banks, 685
Or in the spicy *Abyssinian* vales,
The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink
Intolerable day, yet in their coats
A cooling juice contain, Peaceful beneath,
Leans the huge elephant; and in his shade 690
A multitude of beauteous creatures play,
And birds of bolder note rejoice around,

And oft amid their aromatic groves,
'Tis the torch of noon, the gummy bark,

Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath. 695

Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,

A cloud of incense shadows all the land ;

And, o'er a thousand thundering trees at once,

Riots with lawless rage the running blaze :

But chiefly should fomenting winds assist, 700

And doubling blend the circulating waves

Of flame tempestuous ; or directly on,

Far-streaming, drive them thro' the forest's length.

But other views await ; where heaven above
Glow's like an arch of brass ; and all below, 705

The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies ;

Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure spoilt ;

Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary waste ;

Thin-cottag'd ; and in time of trying need,

Abandon'd by the vanish'd brook ; like one 710

Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

Such are thy horrid desarts, *Barca* ; such
Zaara, thy hot inhospitable sands ;

Continuous rising often with the blast,
 Till the sun sees no more; and unknit earth, 715
 Shook by the south into the darken'd air,
 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waste.

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true)
 A smother'd city from the sandy wave
 Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, 720
 Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,
 Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.
 For by the nitrous penetrating salts,
 Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd, and preserv'd,
 Each object hardens gradual into stone, 725
 Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.
 The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd croud
 The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd
 By sudden fate, and live on every face
 The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art.
 Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand, 730
 Delighted even in death; and each for each
 Feeling alone, with that expressive look,

Which

Which perfect *Nature* only knows to give.
 And there the father agonizing bends
 Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train 735
 Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.
 The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,
 With horror starting; while in council deep
 Assembled full, the hoary-headed fires
 Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate. 740
 As when old *Rome*, beneath the raging *Gaul*,
 Sunk her proud turrets resolute on death,
 Around the *Forum* sat the grey divan
 Of *Senators*, majestic, motionless,
 With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes 745
 Drefs'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
 Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn sight
 The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them *Gods*.

'Tis here that *Thirst* has fix'd his dry domain;
 And walks his wide, malignant round, in search 750
 Of pilgrim lost; or on the * *Merchant's* tomb

* In the desert of *Araban* are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interr'd were a rich merchant, and a poor carrier, who both died of thirst; and that the former had given to the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruise of water.

Triumphant sits, who for a single cruise
 Of unavailing water paid so dear :
 Nor could the gold his hard associate save.

Here the green serpent gathers up his train, 755
 In orbs immense ; then darting out anew,
 Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake ;
 And, rolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,
 If fount there be : or of diminish'd size,
 But mighty mischief, on th' unguarded swain 760
 Steals, full of rancour. Here the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of blood,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The rabid tyger then,
 The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard, 765
 (Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste)
 In dire divan, surround their *shaggy King*,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,
 With planted step ; while an obsequious croud
 Of grinning forms at humble distance wait. 770
 These all together join'd from darksome caves,

Where

Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,
By supreme hunger smit, and thirst intense,
At once their mingling voices raise to *Heaven* ;
And with imperious and repeated roars, 775
Demanding food, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Ceaseless he sits, 780
Sad on the jutting eminence, and views
The rowling main, that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the setting sun he turns 786
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And his continual thro' the tedious night.

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 799
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,

And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
 With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s fertile plains,
 And all the green delights of *Italy*; 795
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, *Plague*,
 The fiercest son of *Nemesis* divine, 800
 Collects a close, incumbent night of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture, by the sun suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect? Princely *Wisdom* then 805
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls
 The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy;
 And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad, 810
 And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,

And

And birds of bloody beak. The fullen door
No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted friends,
And relatives endear'd for many a year, 815
Savag'd by woe, forget the social tye,
The close engagement of the kindred heart;
And, sick in solitude, successive die,
Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat
The scene of desolation, wide around, 820
Denying all retreat, the grim guards stand,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much of the force of foreign *Summers* still,
Of growling hills that shoot the pillar'd flame,
Of earthquake, and pale famine, could I sing;
But equal scenes of horror call me home. 826

For now, flow-fetling, o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The broad possession of the sky, furcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt, 830
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.

Thence nitre, sulphur, vitriol, on the day
 Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,
 Extensive o'er the world a reddening gloom !
 In dreadful promptitude to spring, await 835
 The high command. A boding silence reigns
 Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound,
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rowl's o'er the trembling earth, disturbs the flood,
 And stirs the forest-leaf without a breath. 840
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook, 845
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis dumb amaze, and listening terror all ;
 When to the quicker eye the livid glance
 Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud ; 850
 And, by the powerful breath of *God* inflate,

The

The thunder raises his tremendous voice ;
At first low-muttering ; but at each approach,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds : till over head a sheet 855
Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal 860
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd ;
And often fatal to th' unshelter'd head 864
Of man, or rougher beast. Wide-rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its rage unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And strikes the shepherd, as he shuddering sits,
Presaging ruin, mid the rocky clift. 870
His inmost marrow feels the gliding flame ;

He

He dies ; and, like a statue grim'd with age,
 His live dejected posture still remains ;
 His ruffet sing'd, and rent his hanging hat ;
 Against his crook his footy cheek reclin'd ; 875
 While, whining at his feet, his half-stung'd dog,
 Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
 On his insensate master for relief.

Black from the stroak, above, the mountain-pine,
 A leaning shatter'd trunk, stands scath'd to heaven,
 The talk of future ages ; and, below, 881
 A lifeless grouse the blasted cattle lie :
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look,
 They wore alive, and ruminating still,
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 885
 And ox half-rais'd. A little further, burns
 The guiltless cottage ; and the haughty dome
 Stoops to the base. In one immediate flash,
 The forest falls ; or, flaming out, displays
 The savage-hunts, unpierc'd by day before. 890
 Scar'd is the mountain's brow ; and from the cliff
 Tumbles

Tumbles the smitten rock. The desert shakes,
And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepest dens.

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head 895
Falls the devoted flash. Young *Celadon*
And his *Amelia* were a matchless twain:
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 900
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart
Of *Innocence*, and undissembling *Truth*. 904
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetick glow,
Struck from the charming eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of given joy. Alone, amid the shades, 910

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

Thus pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care untrifled ; till in evil hour 915
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far. Her breast presageful heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 920
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed, 925
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Fair innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm ! *He*, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With full regard. O'er thee the secret shaft 930
 " That

" That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies hurtless ; and that very voice,
 " Which thunders terror thro' the conscious heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 935
 " To clasp perfection ! " From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven !) that moment, in a heap
 Of pallid ashes fell the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Struck by severe amazement, hating life, 940
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,
 The well-dissembl'd mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable blue, 946
 Delightful swells into the general arch,
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm
 Shines out afresh ; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 950

Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the level ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around, 955
 Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world? 960
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky,
 After the tempest puff his idle vows,
 And a new dance of vanity begin,
 Scarce e'er the pant forsake the feeble heart? 965

Chear'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid

To

To meditate the blue profound below ; 970
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and thro' the flexile wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes, 975
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,
 Where winded into lovely solitudes 980
 Runs out the rambling dale that *Damon* sat,
 Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse :
Damon, who still amid the savage woods,
 And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd,
 Firm, and to false philosophy devote. 985
 The brook ran babling by ; and sighing weak,
 The breeze among the bending willows play'd :
 When *Sackarissa* to the cool retreat,
 With *Amoret*, and *Musidora* stole.

Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
 And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe
 Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream. 992

Tall, and majestic, *Sacharissa* rose,
 Superior treading, as on *Ida's* top
 (So *Grecian* bards in wanton fable sung) 995

High-ihone the sister and the wife of *Jove*.

Another *Pallas Musidora* seem'd,
 Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look
 A surer conquest of the sliding heart.

While, like the *Cyprian* goddess, *Amoret*, 1000

Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,
 And all one softness, melted on the sense.

Nor *Paris* panted stronger, when aside

The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1004

Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,

'Than, *Damon*, thou, the stoick now no more,

But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,

And slender foot, th' inverted silk they drew ;

As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone ;

And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,

With

With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still, 1012
 When from their naked limbs of glowing white,
 In folds loose-floating felt the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves;
 With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
 Arous'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.
 * So stands the statue that enchants the world,
 Her full proportions such, and bashful to
 Bends ineffectual from the roving eye. 1020
 Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair
 The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;
 And, every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild; 1025
 Or as the rose amid the morning-dew
 Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
 While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
 But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks

* *The Venus of Medicis.*

Rising again; the latent *Damon* drew
 Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,
 As put his harsh philosophy to flight,
 The joyless search of long-deluded years;
 And *Musidora* fixing in his heart, 1035
 Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
 Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1040
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1045
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 Even from the body's purity the mind
 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The rising clouds,
That shift perpetual in his vivid train, 1051
Their watry mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
Unfold the hidden riches of his ray;
And chase a change of colours round the sky.
'Tis all one blush from east to west! and now,
Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb; 1055
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void; 1060
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying all th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, a cheerless blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch; 1065
Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep,
The whole day long has made the widow pine;

And

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And

And snatch'd the morsel from her orphan's mouth,
 To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,
 Who makes the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around, 1071
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether saddening, sober *Evening* takes 1076
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her beck. First *This*
 She sends on earth ; then *That* of deeper die
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still, 1080
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher breeze
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate. 1085

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merrv-hearted ; and by turns relieve

The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The Beauty, whom perhaps his wilefs heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means, 1090
 Loves fond, by the sincerest language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pafs, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng, 1095
 In various game, and revelry to pafs
 The summer-night, as village-ftories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Againft himfelf to lift the hated hand 1100
 Of violence ; by men caft out from life,
 And after death, to which they drove his hope,
 Into the broad way fide. The ruin'd tower
 Is alfo fhunn'd ; whose hoary chambers hold, 1104
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghof.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his lamp ; and, thro' the dark,
 Twinkles

Twinkles a moving gem. On *Evening's* heel,
Night follows fast; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1110
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye. 1113
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Doubtful if seen: whence sudden *Vision* turns
 To heaven; where *Venus*, in the starry front,
 Shines eminent; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh, 1120
 Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,
 And every form of vegetation kind.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With glad peruse, the lambent lightnings shoot
 A-cross the sky; or horizontal dart 1125
 O'er half the nations, in a minute's space,
 Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,
 And silence, e'er the various talk begin.

The vulgar stare ; amazement is their joy,
And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd ! 1130
But scrutinous *Philosophy* looks deep,
With piercing eye, into the latent cause ;
Nor can she swallow what she does not see.
With thee, serene *Philosophy* ! with thee,
And thy high praises, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence, and truth ! 1136
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of coelestial day. 1140
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She soaring spurns, with elevated pride,
The tangling mafs of cares, and low desires,
That bind the fluttering croud ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains, 1145
Where all his calm and clear ; with Nature round
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
To Reason's, and to fancy's eye display'd :

The

The *First* up-tracing from the vast inane,
 The chain of causes and effects to *Him*, 1150
 Who, all-sustaining, in himself, alone
 Possesses *Being*; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1155
 A world swift-painted on th' attentive mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence *Poetry* exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind, 1160
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unassisted man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every honest art, 1165
 And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy
 Domestick, mix'd of tenderness and care,

Nor

Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor law were his ; nor property ; nor swain,
To turn the furrow ; nor mechanic hand 1170
Harden'd to toil ; nor sailer bold ; nor trade,
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life 1175
Than non-existence worse. But taught by thee
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
Ply the tough oar, *Philosophy* directs, 1180
Star-led, the helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of urgent heaven, invisible, the sails
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1185
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
Creation thro' ; and, from that full complex

Of

Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of *the sole Being* right, who spoke the word,
 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns 1191
 Her eye; and instant, at her virtual glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1195
 To notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 So wills *Eternal Providence*, sits deep.
 Enough for us we know that this dark state, 1200
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of *God*;
 By *Love* and *Wisdom* inexpressive form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind. 1205



The END.

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